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A Korean Engagement.

Mrs. L. H. Swinehart.

The Price of A Sneer.

John J. Johns.

The Relation of Higher Education to the Home.

Helen Kim.

The Korean Church Federal Council.

Wm. N. Blair.

A Medical Experiment.

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THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

A Monthly Journal of Christian Progress

issued by the Federal Council of Evangelical Missions in Korea

VOL. XIV.

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No. 6

Editorial Notes.

SHALL women physicians be provided for the Orient and if so to what extent? Two extreme views are manifest in answering this question, one declaring that male doctors should serve both sexes in the Orient as in the Occident, while the opposing half contends that there should be men and women doctors in the Orient and that their supply should be wholly regulated by the demand. This means that there shall be as many female as male physicians in the East, for Oriental women born and bred for thousands of years to keep at a respectful distance from all men, not of their own household, as a rule, would rather face death than be examined by a male doctor. To say nothing of physical cruelty, inasmuch as modesty is the queenly charm of woman, why imperil its very life by an illconsidered method of kindness! Possibly the overweight of feminine modesty in the East is one of the precious assets with which the womanhood of the West is to be reinforced.

A few years ago six young Korean women began the study of medicine with Drs. Hall and Cutler of Pyeng Yang. After a while these students separated; one married, another prosecuted medical study in China and yet another in Japan, while three of them entered upon the course of study at the Government Medical College in Seoul. On March 26th these three graduated, not only receiving diplomas but also licenses to practice medicine in Korea. One of these physicians goes to Pyeng Yang to assist Dr. Cutler there, while the other two have been engaged to take charge of the medical work at East Gate Hospital, Seoul, until a woman physician shall arrive from America, Drs. Stewart and Hall having gone to the United States on furlough. Dr. Hyo also graduated in March, with honors, from the Women's Medical College of Tokyo and there are twelve other earnest young women studying there now. Our frontispiece picture introduces us to the three Korean women graduates of March 26th, seated. From left to right we see Drs. Hattie Kim, Kim Young Heung and An Soo Kyung, and standing behind and in the same order, are Dr. Hall, Mr. K. Okado, Dean Sato, M. D. and Dr. Cutler.

MRS. Swinehart's story "A Korean Engagement," is a long way, in spirit and method, from the "go-between," who oscillates between the parents of two families so that a little boy and girl, too young to know the significance of the word, may be betrothed and a few years later, never having seen or known each other, may be married. On the other hand is not "A Korean Engagement" just as far removed from multitudes of engagements and marriages in Christendom which, contracted in haste because inspired by impulse, have culminated in "falling in love" which, by the change of a single letter, spells "failing in love" and so miserably end in divorce? Perhaps by the union of the best in the matrimonial methods of the East and of the West the evils of both may be exorcised, and the homes of the world be redeemed!

IN "the Price of a Sneer" we not only see the chickens coming home to roost, but also the reason why they come. Mr. Johns gives us a novel, strong bit of writing presenting, not a misfit, but the power of temperament to overshadow a life. It is not to the discredit of the sufferer, quite the contrary. He was made that way and was placed in an imperfect world to set it right. Will he do it? Will he dare to try to do it and to keep on trying to do it? Rough natures are appealed to by lampblack and lightning while the sensitive soul is agonized by a discord. "In much learning there is much grief." B flats and f sharps have no terrors for those of us who are not toothsome enough to attract them. Here is where the hero is discerned who "stands fast" because he has grown fast! The hero Christian though confronted by the devil and all his hosts bids them authoratively to get out of the way and forthwith proceeds to clear the way for the passage of his Lord. Christ "the way, the truth and the life," is big enough to welcome all sorts of temperaments. It is not a question of temperament but of one's supreme choice of Him.

WE have two articles, each by a Korean, treating of the education that fits Korean women for the home. Both writers believe in the home and in education as a requisite to its proper development but their approach in solving the problem is from different directions. This is all to the good because two persons can approach China by travelling the one eastward and the other westward; if only they keep going both, in time, will arrive. Each writer now seems fully persuaded in his own mind that wisdom of direction bides with him. Be sure and read these articles that you may know which is the long and which is the short distance writer, —and when *you* know, please let *us* know. The burden of Oriental prayer, that the girl babies may all be boys, seems to have been practically answered in one province, according to Mr. Phillips' "Back on the Job, III," with a deplorable epidemic of bachelors.

MR. Blair's account of "The Korean Federal Council" demonstrates its utility both as safety valve and ballast. Love hedges are better than "spite-fences" and will be the best arrangement until a fullness of spiritual life causes denominations to flow together as naturally and necessarily as two contiguous drops of water. In "A Century of Growth" Dr. Moore presents an inspiring picture. We wish our Methodist brethren the largest possible success, for it will provoke other Christians to love and good works and, best of all, there is only one real body of which the living Christ is the Head. If "it is good" for our co-workers, the McCutchens, to be back in Korea, it is better still for us and best of all for the Koreans and for those in the "heavenlies," inasmuch as "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." The gracious earthly life of Miss Cleland so beautifully finished in Pyeng Yang, assisting in the effort to retard by several years the banishment of missionaries' children to the homeland for purposes of education, emphasizes the fact that in this world field there is abundance of room for all intelligent workers who have enough of the right spirit.

A Korean Engagement.

BY LOIS HAWKS SWINEHART.

The principal of the Kunju girls' school burst wildly into the room of the American cousin.

"Gerner Warren, your presence is demanded this moment in my study. A Korean engagement is to be signed up. Ah Soonie, my school girl, is waiting there now, and I hear Professor Porter's step in the hall. His Korean boy, Sadarrie, is with him. This boy and girl will meet for the first time in their lives. This is one of the most trying experiences in the adjustment of old Korean customs to Christian ideals. If this were a heathen affair he would not see her face until after the marriage ceremony. But we insist that they meet before the principals of our schools, and sign the agreement to the union. You will only have to chaperone the girl in my place. Please go in quickly, she ought not to be left alone. The dormitory is in a ferment over the report of Tok Gabbies on the hill, dancing in the rain. I am called away at once. You must do this for me. It is an emergency."

"Go in that room to act as sponsor at a Korean engagement, without knowing a word of the language! Helen McKane, I tell you I will not even be a witness to such a pre-arranged affair where all human emotion is smothered in crude custom."

"Gerner, stop objecting and do it for my sake. I'm almost distracted. There are two school girls waiting for me now at the door. Please take my place this time. I have no one else to send."

"I cannot understand what they say, and I'll probably stand upon one foot in one spot, and face him and then her with all the initiative of a weathercock."

"You don't have to understand anything. Professor Porter is in there now. I heard him enter as I left. You are asked only to be a witness. He will say all that is necessary."

"A deaf and dumb chaperone! I will never do it. You may boil me and eat me or ask me

to take part in any other appropriate missionary movement, but don't ask me to be witness to the thrilling drama of an engagement and remain voiceless in any climax or emergency that might so easily arise."

"Gerner, methinks you do protest too much. Stop putting powder on your nose. You look perfectly darling now, and fit to grace any occasion. Go into the study quickly. I'm off for the dormitory."

"If I've come into the kingdom of Korea for such a time as this, I shall probably rise to the emergency, but the consequences be upon your own head. I can only laugh and cry in Korean, and after that I'll have to express my emotions in English, and who knows how I may mess things up."

Miss McKane threw a kiss at the pert speaker, and quickly passed into the hall.

The American cousin paused a moment before opening the door into the study, and nervously re-arranged the folds of her hair.

"How I tremble. I must have stage fright. I feel as though myriads of Korean ghosts had arisen from their dim dark graves and were singing about my ears. It's an awful responsibility to stir up ancient custom in this way, especially when one cannot explain things in English. A deaf and dumb chaperone. Well, here's where I make my exits and my entrances."

When Miss McKane had hurriedly left the study to ask the American cousin to take her place in the engagement ceremony, the Korean girl, Ah Soonie, left alone, had slipped from the chair to the floor, and in Korean shyness hid her head in her clasped hands. She heard the step in the hall and in response to the knock upon the door looked up.

"Please enter," she said in the highest form to the professor of the boys' school. The door opened and closed, and she was conscious of a masculine form in white clothes standing at her back. With a quick motion of

alarm she arose from the floor and turned to face a Korean boy. It was Sadarrie. She gave a startled cry and her eyes were like the mountain deer's. The boy stood irresolute a moment, and his glance searched the room. He put his hand upon the door behind him, then deliberately took a few steps toward the girl. Steadily, quietly, he stood, and turned his student cap in his hand.

"Kay Pueen is not here," he said, apparently addressing the wall opposite. No sound came from where Ah Soonie stood.

"She will come soon, I think," still to the wall, No answer.

"If she does not return she will send some one to take her place."

Still no answer, but a slight movement of the girl's hands over her face.

"Professor Porter will be here in a short time. His baby is ill."

Silence.

"I have brought the papers to be signed." He turned half-toward the trembling girl, and addressed this remark to a desk. But there was no response. A long Oriental silence followed. Then there came in a low voice.

"Ah Soonie!"

At the sound of her girlhood name the girl started and a flush crept over her half-concealed face. The next moment she stood white and trembling.

"Ah Soonie!" Again in low accents. The boy was now looking straight at her.

"How do you know it?" she asked in an unsteady voice, almost a whisper. The Korean's eyes flashed as he listened to the first words she had ever spoken to him.

"Know what?"

There was a long pause and the girl seemed unable to control her voice.

"Won't you answer me?" he asked, "How do I know what?"

"My—my name." Her head was now completely buried in her arms, and he barely caught the whispered words.

"Oh, your name. I cannot remember when

I did not know it; ever since coming to Kunju to school at least."

"But the high wall round the girls' school, and the curtain in church, and—"

"And the fact that the girls always march home from church behind the boys, and twenty other flimsy barriers did not prevent my seeing you, Ah Soonie. I have thought about you many years, and now can you think a little about me?"

There was no answer but the flutter of the concealing arm. The Korean girl breathed quickly as the boy in his earnestness took a step forward. Wildly she turned to fly into the next room, when the door opened, and the American cousin entered with sweeping grace. "Shades of Confucius!" she exclaimed, "What have I broken into now?" She threw up her hands with a dramatic gesture, and leaned for a moment against the door. "I have crashed into something surely; it may be Korean custom, or something worse. This is awful."

The Korean boy and girl turned white, and Sadarrie started toward her. The situation was intense. Ah Soonie had dropped to the floor and sat there in a little heap. The warm blood came back to the man's face and with an effort to steady his voice he turned to the American woman courteously and said, "Are you dwelling in peace?" Then to Ah Soonie, "This is not Kay Pueen." The foreigner closed her eyes to gain a moment's thought. There was a hysterical laugh from Ah Soonie, and the sight of one flashing eye was permitted as she said, "No, it's the American cousin. She has been in this country only a little while, and she understands not one word of the Korean language."

The boy bowed low in respectful salute, and as he arose an answering light in his own eyes told that he was master of the situation. He looked into the one bright eye that was visible through the girl's clasped hands and said,

"Then she cannot interrupt us, and I am going back to say the things that are in my heart. Answer me, Ah Soonie."

"How can I remember what you asked such a long time ago?"

Two eyes were now visible and a laughing mouth.

"I asked you if you were now going to think of me as I think of you."

"I cannot think of anyone at all except Kay Pueen and Prof. Porter who ought to be here. And—"

"We are not alone. And I am going to say the words that must be spoken, now at this moment."

"You are talking as no Korean man ever talked before, and you're breaking custom dreadfully and frightening the American. She's almost ready to scream, look at her."

"I'm looking at you, Ah Soonie, and want you to answer my question. Don't worry about the American. Affairs like this cannot move her, she's used to them."

Gerner Warren gave a quick little gasp as she took in the scene before her.

"Where, oh, where is Professor Porter? Why was I ever left alone to face a scene like his when I cannot speak a word of the native language? What is up to me now? I cannot leave them, and if I'm the go-between I'd like to know where I begin and where he leaves off. There is quite enough between them now, apparently. That girl's eyes—"

The boy was speaking again, and the girl had risen to her feet.

"We are here for but one purpose, Ah Soonie, and you have been told what it is. But I do not want you to enter into this as you would sign a contract to teach school. I want you to do it because you have a mind to do it. I cannot endure the thought that this relationship into which we are to enter is to be an arrangement between our teachers and parents, and that we are only actors in it."

"I'm sure I don't want to act anything. Kay Pueen told me I was to sign something, that my name was all that was wanted."

"I want your name, Ah Soonie, but I want you too. I want to know that you love me, and I want you to say the words."

"This is dreadful," groaned the American. "I'm sure he's telling her something he ought not to. Of course I should censor everything, but I'm helpless. He is so absorbed that he will not look at me, and I don't think signs would stop him. Oh, how I long for a Korean dividing curtain."

Ah Soonie cast a shy glance at the young man and said with a pout, "How can you say that when you hold those papers so tightly behind you? I'm sure no one could sign anything that way, and I think I am not wanted, but had better return to the dormitory."

"To sign this paper is useless unless you say that you will become my wife because you have a mind to, and are not doing it merely to comply with your teacher's wish. I do not want your name, Ah Soonie, unless you look at me and say, 'I love you.' You know what those words mean, though no Korean man ever heard them from a woman before. Christ has entered your heart and mine, and with His love comes love of man for woman in a strange new way. You must say that you come to me of your own will. Don't turn away, look at me."

The boy darted forward impetuously and the girl glanced wildly about her for a moment, then ran to the further end of the room and buried her face in the wall.

"My," gasped the distracted American cousin. What shall I do now? I'm sure I ought to go between, but how shall I begin? I'm nothing but a spectator. The whole scene is reeling off like a moving picture show, and it's quite plain I'm useless for anything but an audience. Words are needed to explain what is going on before my eyes, me the chaperone."

The Korean boy was addressing the girl with renewed earnestness, though he could see only the back of her shiny black head.

"You must answer me at once. I am no child to be played with. Though I may be called a boy I know. I have reached man's fullest experience because of the love I bear to you. I can think of nothing but the Christian

home we shall one day set up in this land, where the love and honor bestowed upon my father and mother will be transferred in a greater measure to my wife. But, Ah Soonie, if our two minds do not unite in this thought, if Christ has not yet taught you what love is, I'll not ask you to enter into this meaningless agreement. I'll tear these papers up and go away until you can tell me that the word wife means something more than 'the inside of a house.'"

The girl turned suddenly and lifted her eyes to his, but they were filled with tears.

"You are speaking a language I have never heard before. You are saying things that sound of another world. You are trying to force me to answer a question that frightens me so that my whole body trembles. It is unfair to plant a seed in soil baked under droughts of a thousand years and bid it spring forth and bud and blossom in an hour. The flower of love in a Korean woman's heart is a starved thing of the desert plains." She was crying now, and the Korean boy bit his lips painfully.

"He's making her cry, and this must be where I come in. I am sure if I cannot express myself soon I'll talk upon my fingers," said the American cousin. "If—if—oh I know. He ought to be signing something, she ought to be signing something, I ought to be signing something. Safety lies that way. If the worst comes I shall feel so much better to face those two principals with a certificate or license or some kind of a permit as the answer to this scene. I am sure those papers he holds behind him are the ones Professor Porter drew up to seal the engagement contract. I cannot take them from him by force. I cannot command him to lay them down, and he looks too angry to respond to smiles and cajoleries. Everything is going wrong. Oh, where is the woman responsible for this situation? I think I'll throw my arms around Ah Soonie and cry too." With an impetuous movement she clasped the Korean girl about the waist and put her head upon her shoulder. Sadarrie flushed deeper at this interruption and turned angrily

to leave the room. He threw the papers upon the table as he passed and paused to say, "I'm going now, Ah Soooie. Those papers are of no use to me. You do not understand. This foreign woman does not understand. It is all a false show, and I shall not put my name to any such hollow agreement. But I shall come again for the gift of yourself, and you will have ready the answer I would hear."

As the papers struck the table the American flew upon them with a relieved cry. "I'm one lucky girl," she exclaimed. "Now we can sign up, and everything will be perfectly legal. I'll prove to Professor Porter and Helen McKane that I am to be trusted to go between, properly, in affairs of the heart. Here goes my name."

She smiled into the eyes of the Korean girl and held out her pen. With her head bent shyly the Korean came forward, and picking up a native seal stamped her *toejang* upon the paper. Her eyes threw a bright challenge to the man who had paused in amazement at the significant pantomime.

"And now," said the American, "as the man in the case seems reluctant or too stupid to carry out his part in this ceremony, I'll stamp his *toejang* myself, and conclude the whole matter."

Before the Korean could protest she had affixed the Chinese characters making up his seal, to the documents, and triumphantly waved them above her head. The boy started forward angrily, but turned as Professor Porter entered the room.

"Oh, professor, you're just in time," exclaimed the American, spreading the papers before him with a flourish. "Everything's signed up, and I've got them engaged. For awhile it looked as though they might engage themselves without any Korean or American assistance. But I have managed to get the agreement on paper."

"Miss Warren," exclaimed the professor. "This is unusual. Where is Miss McKane?"

"Running down a mystery in the dormitory."

"Where is the Korean teacher?"

"Running down Tok Gabbies."

"Just so, and you are—you are running down what?"

"Korean custom, I guess. Anyway they're engaged and I have the documents to show for it."

The professor wiped his glasses.

"And you did it all without being able to talk?"

"Yes, this once. Words were not needed particularly."

"Oh, I see," said the professor looking at the flushed face of the Korean boy.

"Professor Porter, I don't know what that foreign Pueen is saying, but I want to tell you that I am not willingly a signer of that paper on the table. She put my *toejang* to it without my consent, and I ask you to destroy it." The Korean spoke angrily.

"Ai go," exclaimed the professor in Korean. "Here's a situation that demands explanations. I'll have to be the go-between for you and this boy. He says he don't want to be engaged, and that you signed that agreement without his consent."

"Don't want to be engaged," said the American, "then I don't understand anything Korean. If he wasn't making love to that girl with all his being I'm a blind chaperone as well as a deaf and dumb one too. Ask him what he was saying to her when I entered the room." Professor Porter adjusted his glasses and then looked severely at his school boy. "This American Pueen says your words don't match up with your actions. She says you looked as though you wanted to be engaged to Ah Soonie. Your conduct demands an explanation. What custom have you been breaking over?"

"I did not say I did not want to be engaged to Ah Soonie. I said I objected to signing that meaningless agreement unless she tells me she loves me as I do her, and that she will be my wife because she knows she can never be happy in any other life."

"That's breaking over hoary traditions some. And you said those words to her?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't see where you got the vocabulary. It's just possible we are teaching things outside

the curriculum in our schools. You have jumped over about five generations of your ancestors' teaching, and how am I going to explain this affair to the scribes and elders who sit in the gates of the city, and to the missionaries?"

"Won't the missionaries understand it, sir?"

"Well, there might be one who would not. But we're not getting anywhere. Let's return to the original question. You say the girl has already signed up the engagement."

"Under Kay Pueen's orders."

"Fine, the aim of all our schools is absolute obedience. And you say your name is down in proper form. Why don't you quietly rest in peace, and call it a tie?"

The boy flashed an angry glance into the professor's face and reached for the papers to tear them up. There was a stifled sob from the other end of the room and the Korean girl with her head against the wall spoke brokenly, "I wish I hadn't put my *toejang* down at all" The professor walked over to where she stood.

"De you mean that, Ah Soonie? Do you want to break this whole thing off? Answer me quickly and don't cry that way."

"I mean I don't want to be engaged on paper, I want to say the words that have been born in my heart, and I want to say them at once, for such words have never come to me before."

"Ah Soonie," came from the Korean boy. "Do you mean that, do you want to tell me you love me?"

"Yes."

The girl turned a flushed face half toward the professor and sank to the floor. The Korean boy's hands trembled as he clasped them before him, for Korean custom forbade his touching even the hem of her garment.

"Professor Porter, I'll fly into bits if you don't tell me what they are saying right before my eyes. Is this document legal or is it not? I insist upon knowing. Remember I've got to answer to Miss McKane for this night's work."

"It's legal all right. And you're a mighty successful go-between. I—I've got all the mind in the world to leave these two together for five minutes in this room. But it's against Korean custom."

The Price of a Sneer.

By JOHN J. JOHNS.

"Say, fellows, what do you know about Will K. . . 's coming back from South America? Seems he got so disgusted with the dirt and the filth of the people, that his spirit broke and he came home to go back into the ministry in his old State of Massachusetts." The speaker was a student in a Theological Seminary, the scene a room in the dormitory, in which were lounging three or four "theologues."

Said a second; "A poor missionary, that fellow. What did he expect? To live in a palace and do his preaching by proxy?"

"Be easy on him, boys" said, the first speaker. Will always was a sensitive sort of chap. I know how he hated dirt and unrefinement. I have often seen his nostrils quiver and his handsomely chiselled face go white with pain, when encountering filth in any form. His soul writhed when brought into contact with filthy deeds, filthy habits or filthy words. He lived on the beautiful, and was never so much himself as when in company with people who were beautiful, and did and said beautiful things."

"What-tommy-rot is this you are giving us," said a third. "This world is not a garden, nor an art-gallery, nor a symphony hall. A man who sticks himself down in a soil of so-called beauty, and resents everything antagonistic, is too flimsy for this old sphere. He had better shuffle off, and be done with it. In my opinion the trouble with Will is that he is yellow, just a plain coward, that's all." These bitter words were spoken with a sneer, almost with malice. I was the speaker.

Ah me, how foolish I was. That was six years ago, and now here I am, facing the same fearful alternative of quitting the Mission or suffering on. How we hate that word "quitter," and how my Scotch blood protests, and yet here I am, way out in the inland, fighting my same old fight with a losing desperateness.

Why this temptation to quit? Too lazy to

do hard work? Don't know what the word "lazy" means. Unwilling to suffer the heat and the cold, the ache of tiresome travel, the cold and hurried wayside meals, the vermin in the native hut, the pelting rain or blinding snow? These itinerating concomitants are inevitable, and nobody but a mere weakling would halt for them. Is it the language? The language seems easy to me. The study of it is a pastime. Has the work been barren of results? Strange to relate, it has been wonderfully blest and fruitful.

The trouble is, paradox of paradoxes,—The People. The very folks I came to help, to lift, to inspire, yea,—to save, are the ones who depress me and sadden me, and kill my exuberance in spite of prayerful endeavors to the contrary.

Ah me, I think of poor Will and my heart recoils at my blatant judgment cast upon him so maliciously six years ago. His trouble is now my trouble. I too love the beautiful, though I never realized the intensity of the passion at that time. These people are barren, God forgive me if I wrong them, and their lives are as bleak as their shorn and wasted hills. No beauty in their homes,—everything dirty and slovenly. No beauty in their work,—fields and all are carelessly laid out and carelessly tilled. No beauty of thought, to speak of,—for all their philosophy is negative and insipid. No beauty of music, or poetry,—nothing. The gulf between them and myself is as a fearful chasm.

Into their unbeautiful life we must plunge, when we leave our own homes and stations, where, in a modest way we feed our souls upon the God-given nectars of beautified and abundant life. Let no-one dare to expostulate and point out the error as in myself, as unable to appreciate the beautiful in the native art, the native music, the native way of living. Let others fool themselves who can. I honestly wish I could fool myself along with them. I would be happier. But it takes more than a

few fiery and lurid strokes of a native pen, picturing devils and grotesque imps to create an art; and it takes more than a five-stringed harp to make me babble about the "charm" of the native music. They have rudiments, yes, but that is all. A stump is not a tree, and only a man who has never seen and appreciated a tree will loll in the shade of a stump and be satisfied.

How it eats into my very soul! God alone knows the sighs, the hours of deathly loneliness, smiling through it all of course, though starving for one of my own kind to have fellowship with. The climax is upon me. Shall I press on through the coming years with the iron of depression making its subtle deposit in my heart? Shall I go on answering the call of duty faithfully enough, but with never a note of joy in my response, only stern and implicit but painful obedience?

How the day's events unfold before me in my mind! At the other end of the day's weary walk was the affectionate farewell, with the loved ones in the home on the hillside. The day has conspired against me. For the first time, all alone, without cook or mapu or preacher I trudged through the uncanny beauty of the sun-thronged day, praying God fervently to raise my rapidly sinking spirits. The countryside never appeared more barren to me. Bleak hills, fields devoid of a blade and sulkily awaiting the plowman. Houses dirtier than the fields, and repugnant with their heaps of offal in close proximity. The thought of having to live in these houses for fourteen days appalled me like a nightmare. Unventilated, unlighted, dingy and vile smelling,—how naked and stripped of all such beauty as can be found in the pure streams and the hillsides undefiled out of doors. The absence of the beautiful,—can I live without it? And here I sit by the light of a flickering candle, in one of these dingy huts, fighting the same old fight.

If this were a "story" and not a life tale, there would be some happy ending. There would be a charming sequel that would change the nature of the hero, rather the villain, and from henceforth, behold, all would be lovely where

before it was unlovely. Alas and alack that it should not be thus. During the night services a momentary thrill came to me when during the baptismal service, a strange character, a woman, "possessed of a devil" as the natives declare, reached forward, and while I was pronouncing the name of the Holy Trinity, struck and tore at the woman upon whose head I was sprinkling the water. I could not help but feel that other battles than mine were being fought, and that greater stakes were being placed.

But that undercurrent of sadness and pain, that ceases when I enter my portals and begins again when I strike out into heathenism,—will it ever cease its flow? The grace to hide it is given me. The grace to extinguish the feeling has not been vouchsafed me. Silently and unremittingly, it flows on like a stream of memory, cutting and bruising.

What shall I do? There are only two paths. Either quit or endure. **GOD HAS GIVEN ME THE ANSWER.** I shall do what Christ did. I shall endure it. Did ever man silently and continually endure, as did my Hero of Heroes? Did He not leave the Eternities, to cross a chasm so wide that we cannot fathom the significance? The bridge between man and beast is but a step, compared to the bridge between the spiritual other-worlds and the life conditions of this globe. Did He conform to this world? Yes, in appearance; but inwardly He was of Heaven, while we are of Earth, and of all its dirt. An angel can never be a man,—in mind and spirit, only in form can he dwell among us. And so He went His way, suffering and grieving over the physical and moral filth of His environment. No wonder he is called; "A Man of Sorrows." How strangely silent the Scriptures are about any mirth. How could He be mirthful in so different a world to His! How could He feel aught than sad in a world so unbeautiful! But He labored on, and **SO SHALL I.** Suffer and endure I can and I will. I shall throw bridges across this chasm, slender enough, but of value. I shall hope, I shall pray, and I shall rest in the conviction that some day, this desolate and depressing land shall become bathed in the beauty of Holiness, and that the dawn of that day is upon us and its beginning in the bosom of Christ's Church.

A Korean's Opinion on Female Education in Korea.

By the HON. T. H. YUN.

Female education is as much a new thing in Korea as an aeroplane. This very morning an old aunt of mine said to me: "For people like you it is all right to educate your daughters; but the poor country girls, what do they want an education for? All they need is to know how to cook and sew." I tried in vain to convince her that the poor country girls need to be educated even more than girls of well-to-do families. Now it is bad enough that my aunt refused to be convinced; but it is worse that she is only expressing the set opinion of the vast majority of the old people of Korea.

This old prejudice is, however, dying out, willy nilly. Female education with all its attendant blessings (and follies, too) has come to Korea to stay, thanks to the Gospel. Indeed, if the Christian missionaries had accomplished nothing else in Korea, the introduction of female education alone deserves our lasting gratitude. Up to a few years ago girls' schools were not even thought of outside the Christian church. "Through evil report and good report . . . as unknown and yet well known" the messengers of the Cross have worked bravely and patiently in behalf of the Korean girls whom Confucian ethics have for centuries relegated to the kitchen and the wash-tub, until today no school for girls is big enough to accommodate all the applicants.

Thus the problem of female education has passed its experimental stage. Now the most important question is: Are the kinds and methods now in vogue in mission schools well adapted to the needs and condition of the people?

Let us first remember that the Korean girls who are being educated in Mission Schools are to live and work in Korean homes, many of them in poor homes. Therefore to educate them so as to make them unsuitable to a

Korean home would be a great mistake. For instance to prepare food and to make clothing have been the exclusive province of the Korean woman. The standard and manner of living, as well as the social status of woman, have not changed to such an extent as to enable women to hand over to men these important functions of a house-wife. The inability or unwillingness, or both, on the part of many a newly educated girl has done more than any one thing to prejudice the Koreans against female education. It has been, and is, my firm belief that it is more useful for a Korean girl to learn, beside reading and writing, to cook and sew well than to play on a piano,—for the simple reason that she will have far more occasions to cook and sew than to play on a piano, in a Korean home. By all means, emphasize domestic science in the curriculum more than any other kind of science. Teach the abacus more thoroughly than algebra. Cultivate the taste (passion) for flowers and pictures rather than waste time in dabbling in astronomy and botany. I may be extreme; but my extremeness will do less harm than the other.

Koreans are too much dependent on rice culture alone. Industries have to be created. Along this line Mission Schools for girls have an unlimited field for usefulness. Korean women are noted for dexterity in needle work. Besides the Korean styles and method of needle work, foreign styles can be easily and profitably taught. Sericulture and weaving are still in their infancy and await development with their magnificent possibilities. I have often said before and repeat it with conviction that no Mission school should neglect to teach its students, girls or boys, some kind of handicraft that will be useful in a Korean home. The institution which emphasizes industrial training most, will serve Korea best.

The Relation of Higher Education to the Home.

By HELEN KIM.

Higher education means not only the development of the power of the intellect, but it is the building of character by training received through high schools and colleges after the grammar school course is completed. Some think that it is useless for such a busy woman as a homekeeper to spend time and money for higher education. But they have not realized what an important work she has to do. For what does higher education mean to her? It is the factor which enables her to do her work more accurately, more rapidly and more skillfully because of trained senses, a strengthened body and a developed mind.

A real home is composed of parents and children who have perfect understanding one with another and friendly companionship together. Although there is no need of more members and more furnishings, if there is lack of love and sympathy we cannot call it a home. Do we have this kind of homes in Korea? If not, is it not because the parents are lacking in their mental development; so that they are not able to live up to high standards or train their children properly.

Everyone accepts the value of industrial training in regard to the home. The more girls are trained the better they will perform their household duties. This training keeps them alert and active, makes them useful and capable and prepares them for the practical duties of later life—to do more efficient cooking, sewing and housekeeping. Such work in school takes hold of the pupils and gives them training which is not to be gained in any other way.

It is through the study of domestic science that one can learn the art of cooking and homekeeping. The most important of all the physical problems of the home is that of food; but however good the raw materials, they cannot be made nutritious except through the art of the cook. Quoting from a Bulletin of Home

Economics, "Remember! that thousands of homes are wrecked, tens of thousands of lives are ruined and hundreds of thousands are made unhappy because the home-keepers of our country have no training in the greatest of all professions, the profession of home-making and motherhood,"—only through such an education can the present domestic difficulties be solved and the modern home contribute all that it should to happiness and well being.

Some may wonder what science has to do with the home. The housekeeper ought to know at least the combination of chemical elements in food as learned in chemistry, and she does not need to be ignorant of the scientific principles of machinery. She should know the right proportions of food, how much fat, how much protein and how much starch and sugar are necessary. She should know the importance of using pure water and have a sufficient knowledge of water to tell when it is pure.

What is more important to the housekeeper than a clear, practical knowledge of hygiene and physiology? Here she learns how to clothe and feed her family and care for their physical needs. Under the subject of household bacteriology she learns how a single bacterium, if its growth is totally unchecked, may become in twelve hours the ancestor of sixteen million descendants. If she does not know of this rapidity of reproduction nor how to prevent it nor how to destroy these harmful germs, how can she keep her family healthy? Bacteria of cholera, scarlet fever and diphtheria, unless destroyed by means of sunshine, fresh air and medicine, will cause the death of many who have the right to live. Besides the dust, there are many kinds of household insects such as flies, moths and mosquitoes which also carry germs and every housekeeper ought to know the methods of controlling these pests. If she

permits, through her ignorance or her carelessness, these insects to bring germs upon the food to be eaten, we cannot tell what kind of danger she invites into her home.

Bookkeeping is also a study which will help women to be more economical. How many of our Korean mothers are able to keep accounts and regulate their household expenses? One must have training in mathematics to do this. Many people are deceived by salesmen or their own servants because they do not know how to deal with numbers. A careful account of all money spent, a knowledge of market prices and of market dealings will give woman a position of trust and confidence she can gain in no other way.

Art includes architecture, sculpture, painting, literature and music. One might say, "What is the need of studying these? Is the home-keeper going to be a sculptor, a painter, a poet, a musician?" Not necessarily, but why should one be blind and deaf in a world full of beautiful things? Artistic training enables a person to see the truly beautiful and to surround and fill her home with that which is most artistic. What is the difference between a mere soulless creature and man, if he is not capable of realizing beauty? If a child is placed in a cultured environment when he is little, its effect remains with him as long as he lives, helping him at all times to seek for order and beauty.

But perhaps the greatest work of the home-keeper is in relation to her children. Through the study of pedagogy she learns how to educate her children, how to lead and govern them. The great educator, Colgrove, said in his book on teaching, "Society reaps a terrible harvest for its neglect and abuse of little children." So it is with the home. It is through the homes that the harvest of society is gathered. Rousseau through his book "Emile" was the first great writer to insist that education should be based wholly upon the nature of the being to be educated. One can learn much about the nature of the child through her own experience with children and it is very necessary. But one

must study also the structure and psychological principles which have been stated through greater people's experiences.

It is impossible for ignorant people to make an ideal home. In ancient Sparta the children were taken by the State when they were only six or seven years old, thus missing all the family life. In Africa the women are kept under the veil, and all the spirit of freedom and liberty are taken from them. In China it is the wife's duty to serve and obey her husband. Instruction at home as well as at school is confined to children. Boys are clothed in the finest material the family can afford; girls are clothed in rags. Very few mothers can either read or write. In India woman has no educational advantages; she is regarded more as the servant than as the equal of her husband. Hundreds of deaths in India are due to diseases which are the result of the want of fresh air and exercise. How can these women know what is the best way of living if they are not educated? What effect have these ignorant women of primitive peoples upon their own countries? Do we find them to be the leading powers in the world? Would they not have made much greater progress in civilization and in culture if their children had not been denied educated mothers?

Korea does not need more land or more population or more gold. She needs better homes, more rapid progress in education and higher ideals among present students. We must break up the old habits which have hindered us from proceeding. We must change our attitude toward women. Education should be made compulsory so that every girl and boy should have equal school advantages. The present students ought to be taught how to apply their learning to the home, the ideal of the home should be raised and a definite purpose formed to reach that ideal. If each student gets a vision of the real home, it is within her power to make anew the homes of Korea.

Then if higher education can do all this for the home, what may we expect in Korea when men and women have had this privilege? We

shall have a country with every material resource developed; lands well cultivated according to latest scientific methods; fields with abundant grain and gardens rich in products and beauty; schools in every district to accommodate both boys and girls who are compelled to attend; higher schools for the majority of our young people; a desire to learn, not for learning itself, but because of the desire to be better fit for homemaking and the building of a better nation; homes artistic and full of the perfume

of flowers and of abiding love; parents with perfect understanding of their children, leading them to real manhood and womanhood; children with healthy bodies, intellectual brains and sympathetic hearts loving and obeying their parents; a country inhabited by a people strong in body, mind and spirit. And then will the home and the life of each one blend harmoniously into this paradise of nature which God has given us to live in—the Land of Chosen.

Back on The Job—III.

By C. L. PHILLIPS.

One of the greatest and most serious problems up in this northern territory is the marriage question—a serious problem anywhere, but it has its own peculiar difficulties in this circuit of mine. Every time I go there I find trouble in the churches and people to be dealt with because they have broken the laws of the Church. They have either given their sons and daughters in marriage under the age limit or they have intermarried with unbelievers, which means that girls are bought and sold as personal property. The peculiar reason for trouble of this kind in this territory is, that for some unknown reason, the great majority of the children among the Christians here are boys. Korean parents want boys, pray for boy babies, hope for boy babies, and in this district they have all had their hopes so greatly realized, and there is such an abundance of male children, that the Christians are in great difficulty. There are plenty of would-be bridegrooms but blushing brides are scarce, so scarce that it is hard to keep them from being engaged long before the Church law allows. This is the difficulty, people among the mountains usually have to marry among themselves. It is very hard for a good wide-awake, on-the-job go-between, even to arrange a marriage between a groom in the Yungwon mountains and a bride in the lower hills near Pyengyang. How much Koreans are like Americans!

The city girl will not marry the country hayseed—only in exceptional cases. So what are Koreans in the hills going to do? They must marry with other Christians or be disciplined in the Church. They practically are compelled to marry among their own mountain folks, but with the shortage of brides and the surfeit of bridegrooms what can they do? One church is especially hard hit. The youngsters are all boys and as yet their parents have been unable to get them married off. The church is widely known in that region as the "Old Bachelors' church." I found there a host of disconsolate bachelors. The oldest of them was a weary looking old man who had reached the astounding age of 24—and unmarried! The rest of the bunch ranged from 19 to 23, all of them hopelessly beached on the pitiful shores of bachelorhood.

In another church I found an unhappy widower who had to be taken in hand and disciplined and comforted and exhorted. His wife had been dead these 12 months. He was an officer in the church. He tried through his friends to find a substitute wife among the Christians up there in his district, but with all those bachelors of "Tile Village" still hanging on the waiting list what could be done for this poor man who had already had a wife? In despair he finally threw away all his Christian principles and paid Yen 15. (\$7.50) cold cash for a

heathen blind woman whom no one else would have. She lived with this fallen Christian for two weeks, and one moonlight night she walked away, taking with her of this man's worldly goods all that she could carry. Duped? Yes, done to a finish. The blind lady has never been heard of since and when I found him there was nothing left but a very repentant and foolish old man. But this is no laughing matter. I feel very sorry for these poor people. They are Christians but they are still walking in the dark in many ways. Whenever I go to this far-off territory I find case after case of this kind that makes my heart ache. In this district I have no great fear for the Church except this one—that the marriage problems will wreck the Church as it has already wrecked many individuals up there. They need our sympathy and our prayers—these people of the far away mountain districts who are struggling along, either alone or in little groups, trying to keep their faith in the midst of heathen temptations, customs and ideas. How the few do exist or survive is a wonder to me, giving me evidence every day that God is keeping them.

This time my mode of travel was a donkey—and thereby hangs a "tale." I left the Ford at home. When I left home the road to Haingsan was being worked upon and impassable. Since then I have found that it is finished and I have been over most of the road in the car. The next time I go there I hope to drive to Maingsan, 100 miles from Pyengyang which will help me greatly in reaching this territory. But this time it was the donkey. I had made arrangements for him before I left. The cheapest way to hire a donkey for 37 days in this country is to buy one and then sell him. I paid my \$15 for one good strong fellow. But it was with forebodings. My wife urged me not to do it. She said, "Why, you are too big and heavy to ride a donkey. You will kill that poor little beast. After driving around in the Ford all these months you have got the habit of going fast, and you'll just ride that poor thing to death!" And sure enough, we

buried that donkey in Tukchyun. But it wasn't because he went too slow and that I urged him on to a hasty death, but that he went too fast, and the veterinary who examined him said, "Heart trouble—he must have overdone himself." He was the most ambitious donkey I have ever ridden. I never had need of a whip or a word to urge him on, I would get on his back and away he would go at full speed. I held him back till my arms ached. He evidently had heard about the Ford, and he tried to make the hills "on high." For days my concern was to keep that ornery little mule going at a slow walk behind the pack-pony. I tried walking myself, leading him along, and he would follow as docile as you please, evidently sleeping as he walked. For miles I did this, thinking that I'd get him nice and tame. Then I would get on his back and the sleeping beauty would wake right up and begin to run and kick in true bronco fashion. And one day in his ambition he went too far, and after that I walked all the time. My itinerating account shows that the cheapest way to hire a donkey is not to buy one and then let him die on your hands before you can sell him.

The above ends what in Korea Mission nomenclature is called the "Popular Report." Herewith the more serious and meaty "Official Report."

Receipts.

1. A hearty welcome from 33 churches.
2. The best health I have ever had in my life. The furlo fixed me.
3. 20 strings of eggs, 10 per string=200. 87 were poached. Rest scrambled.
4. Fifteen chickens put on the block for the missionary.
5. 2000 yards of "Kooksu" or Korean spaghetti.
6. 17 ducks and 3 pheasants shot along the road as we travelled.

Expenditures.

1. Strength expended on 1700 li or 566 miles over the mountains.
2. One dead donkey.

3. Exuberant greetings given to some 3500 mountaineers. This is some job.

4. Baptizing 23 adults, 12 infants, and entering 27 on probation.

5. Preaching to some 150 individuals along the road.

6. Exhorting 50 backsliders among our church members, and trying to get 7 weak-kneed officers back on the job.

7. Disciplining 18 weary Christians, includ-

ing one former helper who had sold his daughter to a heathen.

8. Teaching in a Bible class one week.

9. Conducting 63 different services and prayer-meetings.

Leaving a balance on hand of one worn out missionary, one minus donkey, one empty food box, a Korean Bible and 31 sermonettes, to be warmed up again in December in another territory.

A Century of Growth.

BY JOHN Z. MOORE.

Unto what can we compare the growth of the Kingdom of Heaven? Our Lord said, in His clear and penetrating way, "It is like unto a grain of mustard seed." Here, as always, the Lord himself was the best illustration of His words.

More than 1900 years ago, in one of the smallest nations of earth, a child was born in a stable. Childhood, youth, and young manhood were spent in a small, out-of-the-way mountain village. At the age of thirty, with back tired and hands scarred by the carpenter's tools, with which he made a living for himself and family, he heard the call of God the Father. At the Jordan River the grain of mustard seed fell into his heart. For three wonderful years he went about doing good and living the gospel of the Kingdom. At thirty-three he died the death of a common criminal and left behind him eleven none too faithful disciples. And yet behold what a tree has grown from this bit of seed. Today Jesus rules the course of history, turns empires off their hinges and has, as his professed followers, at least one third of all mankind.

Some two hundred years ago a child was born in a parsonage of the Established Church at Epworth, England. This child increased in wisdom and stature under the tutelage of a very remarkable mother of nineteen children. He attended a famous middle school and at the age of twenty-three graduated at Oxford,

the mother of universities. Appointed to a professorship in Oxford, for the next ten years John Wesley lived an almost ideal life. Not having the inward peace he longed for he resigned the professorship and went to America to preach to the Indians. After two fruitless years he returned to England. On the way home he wrote in the now famous Journal, "I went out to convert the Indians but who shall convert me?" The answer came sooner than he expected. In a little Moravian Meeting House he heard the words expounded, "The just shall live by faith" which burned their way into his soul. Again he writes, "I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ alone for my salvation." Thus the grain of mustard seed fell into another soul. At the age of thirty-six Wesley became a new man in Christ Jesus.

For fifty years this man, "without haste, without rest," traveled all over England sowing the seed of the Kingdom. An average of three sermons per day and 4500 miles per year for fifty years made him the greatest itinerant of the ages. At his death he left 42,000 disciples. Our Lord left eleven and said "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." Again the mustard seed story proved a true word of wisdom.

The Methodist Movement started early in America and it was not long until the Amer-

ican church outnumbered the mother church in England.

Just one hundred years ago—to be exact April 5, 1819—this American church organized a Missionary Society. The impulse came from one of the smallest of the little mustard seeds. Some years before an ignorant darkey was converted at a Camp Meeting near Marietta, Ohio. The grain of mustard seed fell in his heart. In a vision he heard a voice calling to him from the northwest. Against the protest of all his friends he went in that direction and did a really remarkable work among the Wyandotte Indians. It was an effort to support the work of this Negro among the Indians that led to the organization of the Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

How just then, that the first Missionary should be sent to that darkest of all earth's dark nations. Melville Cox spent two years in Africa and was buried among the people he went to help. His life blood became the mustard seed of a new part of the Kingdom.

Behold how great a tree has grown from this small seed. One hundred years ago a church in England and America. Today in all the world, for the dream of Wesley, "The world is my parish," has come true. Then some 200,000 Methodists, now in all the world some 8,000,000. The largest Protestant Church on earth. Then one Foreign Missionary. Now 1500 in the Methodist Episcopal Church alone. Then an annual budget for the Missionary Society of a few hundred dollars. Last year a total collection of \$3,500,000. And this all by faith in the mustard seed, for the money to be used this year will be collected this year.

All this is not written as a matter to boast of, or even to be proud of. Rather should we be made humble and driven to our knees lest we fail to receive and pass on the living seed so abundantly received from the fore-fathers.

This hundred years of Missionary effort is to be celebrated by the world-wide church. The Commission having the matter in hand is headed by Dr. John R. Mott, that Methodist Layman, who has become a sort of Archbishop

of the world. The Church in America plans to secure a special gift of \$40,000,000 during the next five years to assist in the fuller equipping of the church in all the Mission Fields. Back of this drive for money is the greatest effort towards definite prayer in the history of the church. The money is to be secured by a new study of the principles of stewardship with the tithe as the minimum gift. The facts of the world-wide field are to be flamed before the church by picture and pamphlet and pulpit, in a way undreamed of heretofore. The Centenary is not a mere campaign for the raising of money. It is a campaign of education and spiritual development.

That the Korean Church may not fail, and that the present small and imperfect church may come to full fruitage in the Lord, the Methodist Church of Korea is to do her share in this world-wide celebration. The Centenary will bring more money from America and this means better equipment. However "the innermost necessity of mankind is a spiritual life adequate to handle our new acquisitions." The greatest need of the Korean Church today is a consecration, to sacrificial service for others, adequate for this new age into which the world war has so suddenly thrown us. The old plans, the old sermons, the old basis of giving will be worse than useless for this world, made red once more by the blood of sacrifice.

The plan and program for Korea has been worked out by a Commission of twenty-five preachers and laymen appointed at the last Annual Conference. It includes the following objects. The training of efficient leadership, Development of Sunday Schools, Improvement of family Religion, Personal responsibility to evangelize non-Christians, The spread of the Christian spirit into society, and a Forward Movement in Christian stewardship.

We want to make our Church just as holy and efficient as it can be made by the free course of the power of God in the lives of men. Not to be better or stronger than other churches, but to do well our part of the whole task and thus help every church to make real the prayer our Lord taught us, not only to say, but to do, "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done, as in heaven so on earth."

The Korean Church Federal Council.

By WM. N. BLAIR.

The first meeting of the Korean Church Federal Council was held in Seoul in the Y. M. C. A. Building, February 26th, and 27th. Forty delegates were present, twenty from the Presbyterian Church and ten each from the two Methodist Churches.

Dr. W. A. Noble, chairman of the committee on arrangements, called the meeting to order and Rev. Kim Pil Soo was elected chairman and Rev. O Ke Syen was elected secretary of the Council.

The first part of the meeting was given to receiving reports from the three churches and in listening to the following addresses:

Explanation and object of the Council,

Dr. W. A. Noble

Plans for the Future,

Rev. W. N. Blair

Unification of Church Effort,

Rev. Han Suk Chin

State of the Church,

Rev. Chung Chun Soo

Rev. Son Chung To

Rev. Nyang Chun Paik

The Sunday School, Rev. Kim Pil Soo

Organization to save the non-believers of Christian Families, Rev. Kil Sun Chu.

The chief business before the Council at this first meeting was the discussion and re-approval of the Constitution which has been only temporarily adopted by the churches.

The Constitution states that the object of the Council is to develop the spirit of unity in Christ in the churches, to do in common such work as can be better done in union than separately by the churches and by exchange of ideas and experience to increase the wisdom and efficiency of the churches.

The Council has power to recommend to the

Churches anything it may deem advisable and to conduct in behalf of the churches any business they may commit to the Council. The Council has no power to interfere with the Form of Doctrine or church government of the three Churches.

Considerable anxiety was caused by the submission to the Council of a proposition to alter the present territorial agreement between the churches in Korea by allowing any church to enter cities along the railroad of 1,000 or more houses, and giving permission to organize a church of any denomination wherever twenty families of that denomination are found in one locality and desire the church organized.

The Council heard the proposition and referred it without discussion to its Executive Committee, and the Executive Committee recommended that, as the proposition was a very serious one, consideration of it be postponed for the present. This recommendation was adopted by the Council.

While many will regret that it seemed necessary to introduce a question like this into the first meeting of the Council, the admirable way in which the Council handled this serious question is a cause for congratulation. After all, if the territorial division and comity which the missions have established are to persist, the Korean churches must realize their importance and be given the duty of their enforcement.

The evening of the first day was given to a delightful social meeting. The members of the Council sat in an unbroken circle and rose one after the other to greet the Council. After refreshment had been served, all united in earnest prayer that God's richest blessing would attend this effort to unify the spirit and labors of Christ's followers in Korea.

It Is Good.

By JOSEPHINE HOUNSHELL MCCUTCHEM.

When one's body is weak and weary and mind and soul need food and refreshment—it is good to have a furlough. It is not as easy as one might think to drop the work and leave those here whom we have learned to love, but only with the hope of giving better service on our return do we willingly depart. When we reach the homeland our eyes and ears are greeted with familiar sights and sounds; we really see our homelike and loved ones again and talk over with them experiences of the past years. Laying aside, to some extent for a little while, the perplexing problems and great responsibilities of mission work, and enjoying the fellowship of relatives and friends, some of the creases get smoothed out and we are refreshed and built up.

Then, too, it is good to hear others teach and preach, to see how the youthful are being trained in the Sunday Schools, and to listen to the sweet music. One missionary on furlough said it was like Heaven on earth to go into her large home church and hear the sweet music. A privilege it is to meet with the Home mission workers, see and hear of the great work being done and the great work waiting to be done. Also to meet with and know some of those who are praying, working and giving, for the preaching of the Gospel to those in foreign lands. How encouraging it is to find people eager to hear of the work on the mission fields! It is a joy to tell them what the Gospel is doing for those in darkness. Can you imagine what a shock it is to find some church members who feel little interest or concern about the preaching of the Gospel to all nations? It is very strange.

It is good to be able to spend a while in real study and further preparation for service! To meet with spiritual leaders, and with them to wait upon God in prayer and study of the

Word. Also to learn something of how the problems at home are being solved.

It is good to have the privilege of lending a hand to our co-laborers at home in the way of reporting on the work, giving information as to the great needs as we have seen them, and telling what the love of Christ means to those who have been bound down by Satan. Also to come in contact with the young people in college or at the conferences and tell them of the fields white unto harvest and how much laborers are needed.

Built up physically and refreshed mentally and spiritually, the thoughts and heart turn toward the little groups of Christians in the midst of heathenism; and the great need of those yet in darkness comes before us, and we feel that we must hasten back. No, it is not easy to leave the dear parents and loved ones, but they and we have Jesus. And, think of the multitudes who are in sin and darkness and do not know Him! So it is good to be back in Korea.

The warm welcome and tokens of love shown by our Christian people here, the great need as it opens up before us again, and the many opportunities for service, make us feel that it is good to have the privilege of being back at our post. There is joy in seeing souls come to Jesus and in trying to give out to others what we have received, but we realize the need of being supported by the prayers of our co-laborers at home.

To express it as our Korean friends often do—first we are thankful to God and second to those whom He has used in making it possible for us to have the blessings and privileges of the furlough and also for the returning and having a part in the evangelization of Korea.

A Medical Experiment.

By A. M. SHARROCKS, M. D.

An interesting experiment was tried in our "In His Name" Hospital at Sen Sen worth reporting. A year and a half ago our regular furlough became due. The question, of course, arose as to whether we should try to keep the hospital open without a foreign head.

Deciding to do so a Medical Committee was appointed by the station to render such help and guidance as it could to the Korean staff. Thanks are due to this committee for its untiring efforts and wise counsel, but, after all, the success or failure of the undertaking rested entirely with the Korean staff.

During the fourteen months of their administration, nearly ₩10,000 passed through their hands and had to be accounted for, not a small sum when compared with the ₩15 salary of the accountant.

During this time 1628 inpatients were treated, staying in the wards a total of 11,053 days or an average of 26 inpatients always under their care. 234 operations were performed, 852 visits made into homes, many of which were at considerable distance from town, while the total of inpatients, dispensary cases and visits amounted to the grand total of 33,769.

That the professional work of the doctors must have commended itself to the public is evident from these figures. That it was at least satisfactory to the authorities is just as evident for while other doctors were called up and even fined on several occasions, ours were never so much as questioned, though we know they were under constant watch by the police. The public is being guarded more and more from the malpractice that was once so common in Korea, for the profession is being held to a fairly close observance of up to date medical ordinances.

There are many ways in which the good name of the institution might have been injured, financially, professionally or morally. Temptations must have been many along all

lines, but so far as I can learn the hospital enjoys the respect and confidence of the authorities, the public, and the Church more than ever before. Its religious and moral uplift in the community is attested by the many conversions among its patients, and by promises of cleaner living freely given by scores of those who have been shown the error of their way and the connection between this and their present troubles.

Perhaps I should stop here. The hospital staff certainly deserves whatever praise or commendation there may be in the above, for they worked hard and faithfully.

That the two doctors were overworked needs no further statement than that they were frequently driven to the expediency of doing their operations at five or six o'clock in the morning and their out-visits in the evenings in order to get through their day's work. It may not be just, under those circumstances, to criticize. The truth is however their text book readings were gradually given up nor did they pay proper attention to laboratory work, in other words they were falling into the *easy* way of dealing with their patients rather than seeking always for end results.

The same was true with regard to other features of the work. The whole building and grounds at first glance seemed to be in perfect condition, but it took all our spare time for weeks to get the plumbing, the carpentering, the sewing and the general equipment back to normal.

These little things I suppose should be expected, were it not for them the administration of the Korean staff would have been quite faultless.

The experiment as a whole was a great success and I am glad to offer this tribute of praise to my Korean assistants who labored so faithfully during my absence.

Obituary.

FANNY FISHER CLELAND.

Another of Korea's Missionaries has passed beyond the veil that hides from us, for a while, the glory and blessedness of the eternal. Less than two years ago Miss Fanny Fisher Cleland came to join the Chosen Mission of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. Soon after her arrival she entered upon her duties as Principal and Matron of the School for Missionaries' Children located in Pyeng Yang, and gave uninterrupted service until the last of February when she was attacked by the illness that terminated in her death on March 11th. Miss Cleland was a woman of mature years, and had given to the Church in America, of which she was a member, a life-time of service before she heard and responded to the call from Korea. She was a true Missionary long before the way opened up for her to come to the foreign field. As a member of Broadway Presbyterian Church, Rock Island, Illinois, she was particularly interested in the Young Women's Missionary Society and was for years its leader. She also took an active and leading part in the philanthropic and missionary organizations of her Church.

Always deeply interested in missions the year and a half spent here, on the foreign field seemed to be the perfect completion and crowning of her life of Christian activity. It was given her to accomplish more in a short time than is given to most. Miss Cleland's loving, generous heart took in everyone. She was interested in all work for the Master. She carried good cheer and fellowship wherever she went, making the days brighter for many. Her merry laugh was contagious. She was full of fun and good humor, and enjoyed a joke thoroughly, especially one at her own expense. She was also very sympathetic and anyone's trouble touched her deeply, yet she was always very wise in her giving of help. She never seemed so happy as when doing something for someone else.

Her activities were unusually varied as the

great throng at the funeral service indicated. In her cheery way she mothered the children in the dormitory, also taught English in the College and lace-making at the girl's school. On Saturday afternoon, she had a class in English for Japanese children, thus forming a very strong link of friendship with them and their parents. Not the least inconspicuous among her friends at the funeral, was the ragged, dirty delegation of little waifs from her Pigville Sunday School (known as "heathen") the wicked little village where pigs predominate. One could always count on Miss Cleland's readiness to help wherever needed, whether it were a community or a personal call. She had time for all who came. As mother in the Dormitory one would think her time would be too full for other things, but making it a point to be home when the children were there, she planned her other work so that it came while the children were at school. As a sample of the extra things she did, she catalogued the College Library and taught the boys a simple system of library methods and also helped to arrange the reading room more attractively. She carried on a very extended correspondence, thus keeping many at home in touch with the work in Korea.

The thronging crowd at the funeral service was an eloquent testimony to Miss Cleland's life of devoted service to Christ. Not only was the Dormitory, where the service was held, crowded to repletion with American, Korean and Japanese friends, both adults and children, but there was a large company in the yard that could not crowd in. All were eager to pay their last respects to one whom they loved,—one who had loved them with whole hearted devotion.

The loss to each one who had come into touch with her is personal and great. The work of the Church, too, has suffered unspeakably because of her decease. We prize the privilege we have had of knowing and loving

her even for so short a time, for her life has been a constant inspiration to us all. Our deepest sympathy goes out to her relatives and many friends at home in their bereavement. We only pray that they may take comfort and courage through the knowledge

that life-long ambition of her heart to serve as a missionary of the Cross was at last granted and that this service, though extremely short in point of time, has proved an inestimable blessing to scores of Koreans and Japanese as well as to missionaries and their children.

He Shall Gather The Lambs With His Arm.

By THERESA L. LUDLOW.

He was just a little chap, not more than eight years old and his clothes were only a pitiful bundle of dirty rags, torn in a great many places, so that the bitter January cold cut through his grimy skin like a knife.

In the summer time he made his home almost anywhere around the great South Gate. At night he slept in the doorways of various buildings and during the day eked out a scant existence carrying packages from the market. When the winter months came he was not so fortunate. Packages to be carried were few and he was often cold and hungry. Also the intense cold kept him from sleeping in the open.

So at night when we were warm and comfortable in our beds he would creep into a hole, dug in the ground, with many others of his kind.

The "Foreign lady" made his acquaintance one day by stopping at the corner shop and buying a huge bag of cakes which she gave to him and his companions. After that, when jobs were few and he was hungry, he was wont to watch for her. Sometimes she gave him a few coppers and again she would ask him to come to the house for food of some kind. Some thing in the soft dark eyes of the little lad, and his bright grateful smile, quite won her heart.

The weather was unusually cold and he had not seen his "Foreign lady" for some time. In the dugout with his companions, he tried to forget the pangs of hunger by trying to sleep, but to no avail. At last the gnawing became unbearable and he decided to go to her home. Perhaps she might be coming out of the house and would give him some food. So he trudged on growing more weak and faint very moment. When he reached her home the blinds were drawn and all was in darkness. About this time a feeling of drowsiness came over him. He would lie down and rest for just a little while. Presently he felt warm and cozy and hunger and cold were forgotten in a sweet sleep.

The next morning dawned bright and cold and the "Foreign lady" looked from her window. There he lay, the grimy little face upturned and the dark eyes closed. The tender Shepherd had gathered the lamb with His arm and hunger, want and cold would be known to him no more. Tears were in the "Foreign lady's" beautiful eyes as she told me this story and my own were dim, but even as she spoke, I heard a voice gentle and low saying "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Notes and Personals.

Dr. Mrs. R. S. Hall got safely away from Japan May 4th in spite of the receptions, banquets and farewells in which Japanese, Koreans and Chinese vied with one another to do her honor, to say nothing of the efforts put forth by her fellow missionaries.

The Chinese Consul K. W. Chang at Chemulpo not only provided a festal day in honor of Dr. Hall but also requested her to select her own fellow guests of participation among whom was the editor and his wife with half a dozen others who, with Mrs. Hall, left Seoul by the morning train, April 20th. We were welcomed at Chemulpo by the Consul and were taken by launch into the further waters of the harbor where we boarded and inspected one of the three dreadnoughts visiting the place. We were then taken back to the consular residence in Chemulpo where we partook of a Chinese feast which for novelty, variety and palatableness surpassed anything in our experience hitherto; Consul Chang certainly succeeded in giving us all one of the red-letter days of our lives.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival in Korea of Dr. Mary M. Cutler was celebrated in the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Pyeng Yang at 4:30 P. M. April 30th. We understand the event was a great success. A full account may be expected later.

Rev. L. O. McCutchen was prosecuting an itinerating trip on March 12th. He was traveling with horse and cart the long way round having dispatched his servant with bed, provisions, etc., by a short cut to a point where they were to rendezvous at night. About 2:00 P. M. while descending a grade, without any warning, the horse broke into a full run and before his driver could pull himself together had become wild and unmanagable. Soon, coming to a bridge scarce wider than the

wheels were apart, just before clearing the further end a wheel slipped over the edge of the bridge and striking the bank Mr. McCutchen was thrown aloft into the air and landed in the road with his left hip and elbow dislocated, badly bruised and for the moment stunned. Mr. McCutchen first realized that people were passing by. Next, that as one would come to the place "he looked on him and passed by on the other side." At last he asked two Koreans to get him up on his feet and so he realized his helplessness. After half an hour a Korean came up who manifested intelligent and sympathetic interest. He examined the wounds and assured the sufferer that if he could bear the pain he could pull the hip into its socket. Being told to go ahead he summoned another Korean and after two earnest trials succeeded. This "good Samaritan" then notified a neighboring field worker who assisted Mr. McCutchen to a house not far off, where he was placed on the warm floor (it was toward evening now and he had become chilled) and was made as easy as possible and a telephone message was sent to his wife summoning aid.

All persons in Korea who have studied at Dr. W. W. White's Teachers' Training School in New York, are urged to send in their names and their periods of study to Miss E. J. Shepping, Severance Hospital, at once.

Mr. Hugh Miller who has charge, as Associate Editor, of our "Notes and Personals" page, is off on a tour through Manchuria in the interests of colportage for two weeks. We hope on his return he will give our readers the benefit of his observations and experiences.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Kelly of Kuchang in the loss of their younger son, David, who passed away on May 6th after a month's illness.

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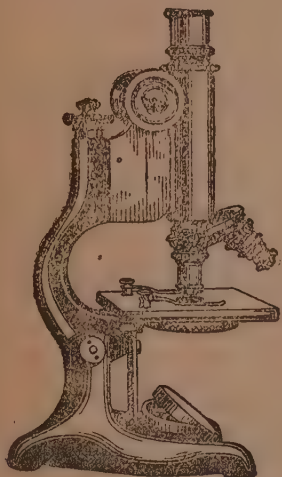
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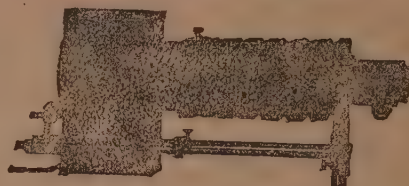
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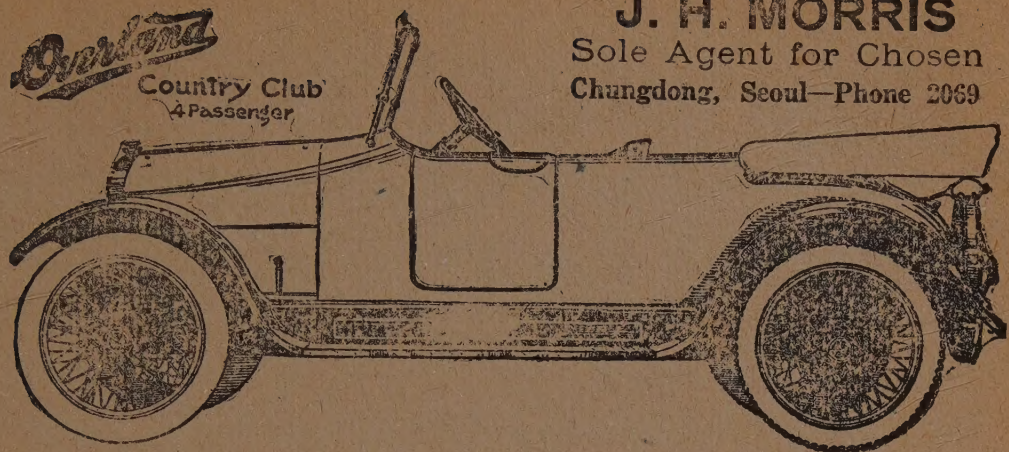
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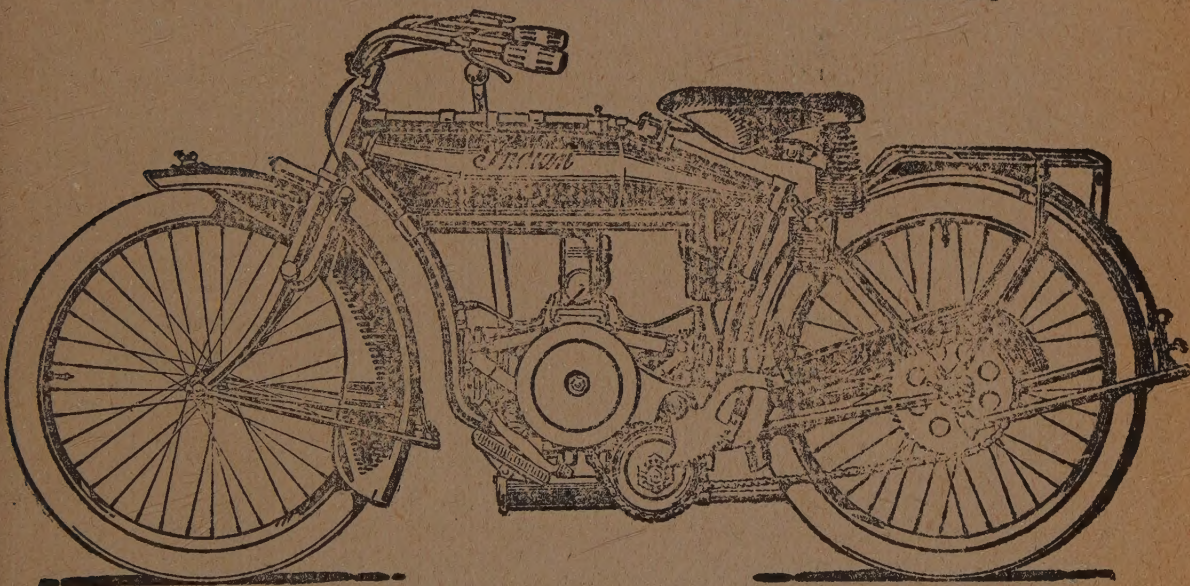
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